

W9JP

AMA-CHEWER

MONTHLY PAPER OF THE INDIANAPOLIS RADIO CLUB, INC.

AUGUST 1, 1941.

President - Donavan M. Davis - W9JYP
Secretary - Paul W. Nelson W9BHC
Chief Operator - Fred Manning W9VPN
Director - Ralph W. Anderson W9GVW

Vice-Pres - Arnold K. Dickmeyer W9JFX
Treasurer - Wm. F. Leuth Jr. W9DSC
Director - Robert K. Caskey W9DNQ

PROGRAMS

August 1st - Business meeting and directors meeting following club adjournment.
Usual ?????????? if attendance is sufficient.

August 8th - Mr. Birley Whaley, W9JNJ of the Indianapolis Power and Light Company will address the club on the installation and operation of the company's two-way FM ultra short wave radio dispatch system. Fellows, here is a ham who can really tell us how it is done - so be there to hear him.

August 15th - Business meeting and directors meeting. Usual ?????????? see above.

August 22nd - Mr. Eugene Lurcott of the lens-coating department of RCA will tell us how a new system of making glass more transparent has been worked out. The use of this new development enables the above company to make camera and projection lenses pass more light which in turn means brighter pictures or smaller light sources in turn meaning less heat. Mr. Lurcott has shown several samples of his work at the club and it is with great curiosity that we await to learn how it is done.

August 29th - No regularly scheduled program.

September 4th - 112 days until Christmas. Besides on that date (Sept 4th) the directors will hold their regular monthly meeting at the club rooms in conjunction with the Thursday night gang.

PAST PROGRAMS

On July 11th, Mr. Fletcher of the local FBI Office, gave a very enlightening talk to the club on the activities of the organization in its present setup.

July 25th, R. J. Kryter described and illustrated with color photos of his recent trip into the National Parks of Canada. This proved to be very interesting as would any program presented by Bob. His scheduled program with the Strobatact was postponed until a later date when he and Mr. Angus can get together enough apparatus to really make it attractive. We hope the weather will relent and make this soon.

NEW MEMBER

During the past month-W9RSE, Joseph L. G. Wiley, was voted into the club. We take this opportunity to welcome him into our organization and as in the past we extend the invitation to him to become one of us and work for a bigger and better club. New ideas and thoughts are always welcomed by all and if at first you don't get it across, why just try again.

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NEW CALLS

Bill Porter, a former member of the club has a call now, W9UNP and is now trying to get on the air with a Thordarson Xmitter. John W. Kiser also is the proud owner of W9VCS.

PUBLICITY

AMACHEWER in the past has been sent, to the three local newspapers, the Times, News and Star, but on July 15, 1941, ⁱⁿ the Times under the heading "Inside Indianapolis" we read several articles taken from the club paper. One article, that of the announcement of the marriage of our Pres. Davis to Miss Kissel, had not previously been in the papers so it was news. Then, as the writer had noted, the long-handled name of Fritz's Ant seemed to merit. All of this leads us to the point that perhaps the Editors do read some of the copies or they had a space to fill and that was handy but the real point is that the other newspapers took note and went to the trouble to locate and call Fred Manning so that they could attend some of the club meetings. Now even if it was necessary for these editors to read one of their competitors papers to find articles that had been sent to them every month, we still want to thank the Times for being the first to recognize us, and we trust that AMACHEWER may contain news that they might think merits further lineage in their pages.

MARRIED

It seems that we no more get through springing surprises than we have to add another. Anywat we wish to announce that on June 27th, Miss DeCallier was married to Harold, W9YZQ, McGee. Congratulations, Harold, and we hope that the sales notice on the bulletin board does not signify your intention of leaving the air.

We just learn that AMACHEWER was the means of Rudy Crandall learning of the marriage of Bob, W9AXH, Stuart. Rudy seems rather put out that everyone else heard of this at the same time that he did as he would have liked to be the one to tell it. That's OK, Bob, but remember that AMACHEWER had to dig it up too.

Our Pres. Don and his recent bride Ruth have just returned from a fishing trip to AuTrain, Mich. They were unreported for ten days when they finally sent cards to some people. When they returned and were asked for the size and number of fish caught they replied that they hadn't even caught a single fish. Now that's some fish story. 1600 miles and nary a fish. That reminds the editor of a fish story he heard the other day. It seems that two fishermen were discussing their recent catches. One told of his having caught a four foot Cat on a ten pound line. Now the second not to be outdone told of his having been fishing and hooking something which when pulled into shore turned out to be a lighted lantern. Now to make a long story short, in the discussion that followed the telling of of this last yarn, the first stoutly declared that he would subtraat two feet off of his Cat if the second would blow out the lantern. What, no fish?????

IN CAMP

Claude, W9TKV, Richie, was at the club the July 25th meeting and told of his meeting a number of hams in the 38th Signal Corp of which he is a member. Gordon, W9NNA, Trout was among those he had seen. Claude's idea of Camp Life with it's attendant and indefinite length of service was definitely NG!!!

HAMFESTS

July 13th at McCullough's Park in Muncie, a hamfest was held. This is reported on by one of those attending and his writings and notations appear elsewhere in this paper. Thanks for the contribution. Keep it up.

On Sunday July the 27th at Riley Park in Greenfield, a hamfest was held by the Hairnet. This consisted of a picnic dinner, swimming in the FB pool at the park, baseball games, and pop drinking. Discussions for bettering the coverage and scope of the net were held. Among those attending were the W9's JYP YMV HHI BHC DYI AUN DOK ARO BNE DLF PLG EBY ARE ICY DKP DNQ UVF DCW DZC HKZ EVY EVK. This list while not complete was taken from the autograph sheet and represents the owner of the call plus either his YL or YF and harmonics.

CHICAGO HAMFEST
HAMFESTERS JAMBOREE
August 30-31, 1941.
HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER
Chicago, Ill.

You know what a time you had at the Chicago Convention put on by the same outfit so need any more be said about the hamfest which takes the place of the postponed Central Division Convention.

Anyone wanting to get in with the bunch planning on chartering a bus for the trip to Chicago, see Nelson W9FOS Trusler. This will make it an inexpensive trip for rooms at the hotel can be had for as little as \$3.00 for a single room down to \$1.50 for 6 in a room.

RAMBLING

W9YMV, his wife and son, W9DNQ and his YL went to Forest Park in Noblesville Sunday the 20th. On the way to this picnic the nice heavily iced chocolate cake baked by Mrs. YMV (Becky) was almost lost in the shuffle. It happened this way: while being promoted along the road by DNQ, the driver, strange sounds began to commence and seemed to issue from the back seat. I smell smoke! (Visions by DNQ of his car burning). Where is it? What is it? Do you still smell it? Yes, yes!! Here Roy take this cake. Becky quickly passing the cake to the first outstretched hand. She stands up fanning. DNQ turns, almost gets his eyes put out. There is Becky still smoldering, a cigarette had burned through her dress and was making it uncomfortably warm on that region that disappears when you stand up (your lap) and the cake was not in sight. Oh yes, the cake, yourn YMV stood outside the car carefully guarding it with his life. Casualties consisted of one dress, the wearing of smoked glasses by DNQ and the consumption of one chocolate cake which up to the time of being cut, retained its shape and icing throughout all of this transcendentalism of man.

Bert Bucy has learned not to play with QRM. Paul, W9BHC, Nelson, was working on the transmitter of NVD when Bert touched the key. The key being hot with RF gave Bucy the usual reaction. Bert leaped back and yelled "Look out Paul, there's QRM on that key".

We learn that Howard, W9HRA, Mock is building a new domicile. He has had to substitute a wood beam for a steel one called for in the plans.

Then may we ask for those that always turn out for a Kryter demonstration to attend the regular business meetings.

How about the news regs? We lose, we gain, or what do we do? Start the loss of further frequencies. Lose all of just what? Some more of Hdqts. doings (as with the class D licenses) without the gang knowing.

CONTRIBUTIONS

On this hot sultry summer night the editor is indeed thankful for the following contributions that have been handed to him. Can we have a copy from you the next issue? We can??? THANK YOU.

The Muncie Hamfest held at that city on Sunday July 6, 1941, had a big surprise when they saw Indianapolis represented. By the way, the representatives were Dick, W9IDU, Delano; Arnold, W9FVO, Finchum; Bill, W9ENJ, Hibbert and Martin Gabriel, who arrived very early, in fact they were the first ones in the park. Who said Muncie was on Daylight Saving Time???

Here is a coincidence, while they were waiting for someone to wake up in the town, they went up in the center of town to look around. They found the Muncie Radio Station, which they visited. While they were waiting for someone to show up and pilot them around the place who should walk in but W9NOK. Boy was Andy surprised to see them when they introduced themselves.

When they left the radio station to visit that short fellow W9ARI, they rode down one of those peculiar streets. They noticed that all of the cars were going in the opposite direction. When they arrived at the corner a car pulled out in front of them to turn in a side street. This car was filled with girls. The boys started to yell, as is natural - the girls, pedestrians and even a cop started to laugh. Dick happened to glance up at a sign and read "One Way Street", with the arrow pointing in the opposite direction than that they had just come. Boy, were their faces red? "Why don't somebody tell us these things. One thing the boys did notice was the stop signs. There's a stop sign in every block in the city of Muncie. There is the name the boys gave the town. "Muncie, the city of stop signs" Boy, is my foot tired. Hi, hi.

We have just received word that the two guys who rode in the back seat on the way to Muncie were beer guzzlers. They had a whole case between them. It wasn't ordinary beer, it was ale. Here is an invitation which they kept repeating while drinking - "Wish you were here - gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, ummmnn". Boy we wonder what was "aleing" them. Hi, hi.

We have just heard that Bill, W9ENJ, Hibbert, is now in Uncle Sam's Army. He was drafted. Don't yoo hoo at any of the girls, especially if they are on a golf course. We sure would hate to see you walk 15 miles.

Everyone who attended the hamfest at Muncie really had a good time. Finchum, Delano, Hibbert and Gabriel all said they had a swell time. It was Hibbert's last social event in Ham activities at home and he adds that he hadn't had so much fun since "G*****" (Censored by popular demand)

MISCELLANEOUS

W9AEA, Merrill Lindley reports that he is passing out cigars. He is the father of a baby girl.

The xmitter committee is well under way with the 80-160 meter transmitter now that all the factors delaying it have cleared away. Boy, that committee does the stuff when it gets a chance. Thanks, Bill Leuth and Fred Manning.

Let's all give some serious thought to this emergency coordinator. We have been asked to name a possible coordinator. ----- Just received word that LeRoy T. Waggoner, W9YMV, has been named E.C. Let's give him our support and help him in making this area one of the leaders. (Editors note: There is a statement from the new E.C. elsewhere in this issue)

Word has just arrived that Ralph, W9GVW, Anderson, suffered an accident at RCA, July 31st, breaking both ankles and is now in the Methodist Hospital. Ironically, Tiny will now have time to operate the rig when he gets home. We all wish you a speedy recovery, Tiny. What say boys, bet he would be glad to have some visitors.

CO-OPERATION

or

THE OLD TIMER PUTS IN A WORD

The faint shuffle of footsteps mounting the stairs came gently to the ears of the Old Timer. Slowly shifting his chair, he addressed the cat which had been peacefully sleeping in his lap. "Look, Toots," he said, "I sure hate to disturb such a fb nap, but it appears to be that we are about to have a caller."

The cat, used to complying with the whims of the Old Timer, assumed a disgusted expression, sprang lightly to the floor, recomposed herself with dignity, and waited. Voices, now clearly audible through the partly open door, floated into the room. "Yes, he's in. Go right on up to the shack. The lights haven't been flickering for the past half hour so you'll probably have to wake him up."

The O.T. snorted audibly, but nevertheless arose and went to the door to greet the visitor. The Young Squirt made his appearance and the O. T. greeted him warmly. "Come in, son. I've just been wondering where you have been keeping yourself these days. Don't reckon I've seen hide nor hair of you since the phones were going to take over the whole forty meter band."

"Yeah," agreed the Young Squirt sheepishly. "I'm ashamed of the way I've neglected you lately, but we get lots of overtime these days, and Junior is cutting a flock of teeth and seems like I never have a spare minute some way or another. But, by golly, things are coming to a pretty pass and I figured that if I didn't take time out to talk to someone I'd probably explode."

The O. T. grinned and agreed that the devastation of such an occurrence would be colossal. "Yep," he said, "I can tell by the clint in your eye that you just got here in the nick of time. But waht's it all about? What's bitin' you anyway?"

The young fellow visibly tried to collect his thoughts as though attempting to arrange his grievances in order as to their relative importance. "Well, gosh," he replied, "I don't rightly know what the biggest worry is. I can tell you though, I've got plenty of 'em and they are all too big to suit me. Take the class D license for instance, and no DX, and all this finger print and birth certificate business. Then there's the possibility of being shoved off the air tomorrow maybe and on top of that, the guys at the Club get in my hair----".

Here the O. T. held up a warning hand. "Whoa now, wait up a minute, son. Now that the fuse is pulled out I think we can save you." The cat eyed them without enthusiasm, and after a luxurious yawn curled up and went to sleep.

"You know," the O. T. continued, "I was thinking the other day about what a dad swizzled mess the work in general is gettin' itself into, and I reckon it's due more to just plain lack of co-operation than to any other one thing. If you think about it a little you can see that working together is just an offshoot of the Golden Rule."

"Now in this radio game, for instance, if we all did just as we pleased it wouldn't be long until the gosh awful bedlam would put us all out of the running. Most all of the laws and rules which regulate our activities are laid down by men who are smarter than you or I can ever hope to be, and they are brought forth for our own individual good."

The Y. S. grunted and squirmed in this chair, apparently unimpressed. The O. T. continued, "You see ham radio isn't what it used to be. Now it's an established institution and has grown so large that we must choose men to direct the course of our activities. It seems strange that nowadays we can't find anyone who is able to do anything to the satisfaction of anyone else. Not pleasing everyone is as old as time itself, but the total lack of harmony present today is something relatively new."

"Maybe we could see the situation more clearly if we consider the case of our own Club. It's had its ups and downs, and, if you recall, most of the downs occurred when there was a great lack of interest and no attempt to work together. No one was willing to either give a program or to round one up, then because there were no suitable programs the attendance dropped off. Only when a group of the boys finally got together and started the ball rolling again did the upswing start."

The Y. S. broke in---"But look, a lot of the dissatisfaction with club programs in the past has been due to the fact that there was a great deal of material presented which didn't pertain to radio at all. You know, yourself, that a lot of the fellows griped about it."

The O. T. carefully packed and lighted his pipe. "Fact is," he replied, "I do remember all the complaints, and that's just the point of the whole thing. There wasn't a one of the boys who were quick to complain, who offered a suggestion involving any of his own effort. Constructive criticism is a wonderful thing, but without any drive to back it up it's like eating soup with a fork".

The Y. S. remained silent and the O. T. went on. "It all boils down to this, son. First of all, we are, so legend has it, endowed with a brain with which to think. Next we've got to have the gumption to use it and when we decide on a goal we must all work together to attain it. You may have a bushel basket full of dry-cells hooked up indiscriminately and the result will be low voltage, a flock of short circuits, and static. But just cull out the dead ones, hook the rest up so the push is all in one direction and boy, you've got a basket full of 'umph'."

Right now we all have more than our share of trouble, but a great lot of it will vanish if we apply a good sized gob of common sense and all get together and rub it in".

A LETTER FROM THE NEW E.C.

"Fellow Amateurs:

I was asked a few days ago to take the job of Emergency Coordinator for this area, and I accepted, knowing full well the enormous and important task that confronted me. I expect to give this job all the time and attention that I possibly can; I hope to discharge the duties incident to it in a manner that will justify the faith placed in me by my fellow 'hams', and to show the 'ham' game to the lay public from a different facet than that in which the ham is usually referred to as that 'radio nut'!

To accomplish anything^{at} all along these lines without the earnest cooperation of every licensed amateur in the area would be virtually impossible. With your help, it will be a task that can and must be done, and a job that will be sheer pleasure. Therefore, I ask that every licensed amateur register with the AEC, whether he is a member of the League or not. I hope that every ham will give as much of his operating ability, his time and his equipment as he possibly can.

We are all aware of the fact that we must justify our use of the ham bands in order to continue to enjoy the privileges of our hobby. There are numerous representations made on our behalf by the ARRL, but the one thing that carries the most weight is that the amateur fraternity as a whole has a record of emergency communication that has never been even closely approached, to say nothing of being equalled. Hams have had quite a little competition in development work of late, and the various other services have contributed a great deal to radio. But the record of hams in being there with the goods and able, ready and willing to take the gaff is a mark that is well worth shooting at.

The reason for this is organized preparedness. Every ham knew his place and job before the emergency presented itself. Every incident in the fulfillment of a ham's duty in emergency communication was but a realistic repetition of drill, and practice preparation. That's the secret of the clock-like precision with which we must work in times of stress.

I shall probably come to each of you for advice, for hard work, for planning, for equipment use; in short for your complete cooperation. I hope that we shall never know the occasion when emergency conditions exist, but if they ever do I sincerely hope that we'll be ready.. Are you with me, fellows?

(Signed) LeRoy T. Waggoner, W9YMW.